PS
3545
A17S8
1917

Star Glints

Carl Wachter

Class PS3545

Book .A17S8

Copyright No. 1917

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

STAR GLINTS

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY
CARL WACHTER

From a Painting by Florence J. Bach

Star Glints

by

Carl Wachter

Buffalo, N. Y.
John F. Grabau — Art Bookbinding Studio
1917

Of this edition there have been printed seven hundred copies, and the type distributed.

This copy is Number

PS3545
.A17S8
1917

NOV -5 1917

©CLA477378

To

My Wife

Contents

The Astronomer
My Mansion
The World Builder
A Word From Plato
Flower Wisdom
The Feather
The Happy Man
The Convent of My Heart
A Portrait
The Unpainted Picture
Man-Soul and Clay
Castles in the Air
To a Girl Who Loves Fairies
The Joy of Life
Creation
God's Centre
I Know These Faces
The Deathless Dream
Love's Lamp
Sing Me Thy Sweetest Song
Shakespeare's Return
Woman's Answer
The Three Angles
To a Flower Blooming on the Battlefield of France

The Astronomer

I AM a great astronomer;
I find a new star every night;
And, 'tis a wondrous mystery,
Each changes color to my sight.

If I could live a million years,
And gaze above at close of day,
I'd see a sparkling diadem,
Where every precious jewel lay.

My Mansion

I DO not know where I shall be,
When I pass out from this life's shore;
I only know that I shall dwell,
Where once my spirit dwelt before.
'Mid radiant planet's glorious light
My mansion-in-the-sky may rest.
I do not know. My Father builds
The home that for His child seems best.

My loving Father watches all
My child-behavior from afar,
And builds my mansion day by day
Upon the brow of some bright star.
The moments of my life's brief span,
As deeds and thoughts, come to His hands;
Of these is fashioned at His will
My future home by angel-bands.

I do not know where I shall be,
When I pass out from this life's shore;
I only know my mansion grows,

Like my soul's life, by more and more.
Oh! may I count the moments dear,
That flit so swiftly to their close,
Yet reach the palace, where my soul
Shall dwell in infinite repose.

The World Builder

I AM a dreamer and I love my dreams;
I build a world about me day by day;
It rises forth to meet my questioning gaze
More real far than unsubstantial clay.

I make no shame in dreaming of a dream,
A dream is man's best tribute to his God;
Man thinks in terms of brutish force and fear,
By dreams he lifts his spirit from the clod.

I dig not in the dull, dark, senseless earth
To find the secrets God holds in His heart;
Man cannot patch together cosmic good
Of stuff gained by slow grubbing, part by part.

In the fair region where the dreamer lives,
He sees immortal beauties with closed eyes;
He hears God speak to him through sense-shut ears,
Who bids him forsake knowledge and grow wise.

I am a dreamer and I love my dreams;
I build a world about me day by day;
It rises forth to meet my questioning gaze
More real far than unsubstantial clay.

A Word From Plato

I ASKED my Plato, friendly, mystic-wise,
To tell me of his sojourn in the skies;
For God's day converse with the eon great
Has mellowed goldenly his regal state.
Rare thoughts, far-reaching through All-Wisdom's brow,
Have searched the rim of Plato's circle now;
And he who read, when cased in clouded clay,
The far brought messages from Sons of Day,
Might scatter from his starly garnered mind
Thoughts far outstretching low earth-dweller's kind.

My Plato paused, his wandering tongue to shape,
And his pure thought in language mist to drape:
"Then first, my friend, attune thy sense-dimmed ear
To list the thoughts of God-men, silver clear;
The language of dull earth I scarce recall,

And many things I cannot say at all.
To speak in man-terms, I could not perceive
The newer life, nor yet could I believe;
For, while I listened to God's rhythmic jet,
I had not learned great Heaven's law, "Forget!"
Nor knew I that to find God I must part
From thought-dulled paths by opening wide my heart.
When still 'mid earth-mists I had leaped from clod
And tried to link my life to life with God.
All man's pure thinking I defined as "real,"
Meaning by that what some men call the "ideal;"
But now I know that thinking is for earth,
And cosmic impulse in Pure Love has birth.

"A thousand times I found I had to die
To live again in realms more glorious high;
Celestial paradox is found in this,
We starve ourselves to feed on Heaven's bliss;

We give, and giving, double what we own—
In common with all star-men, not alone.
We close our eyes to see, our ears to hear;
Things far away are always very near;
What seems to mount in circling path to sky,
We know is slow descending from on high;
And all the ugly evil of earths race
Is good vibrating at too slow a pace.
The time will come, when earth will whirl so fast,
That all the first things will become the last;
And Love, high seated on her mighty throne,
Will rule the singing cosmic fields alone.

"But I must go. E'en now I hear a voice,
Whose love-borne accents make my heart rejoice.
My Socrates now bids me come and teach
My lesson to the souls within our reach,
Who come in throngs to learn each golden thought,

That by a gift in kind of God is bought;
And, till our Aristotle's hour arrive,
I keep the flames of Wisdom's lamp
alive.
Farewell. And let me say, in language
terse,
Nothing is static in the universe."

Flower Wisdom

WHY do flowers nod their heads,
When I walk among their beds?
Are they speaking wisdom then
To a clay-bound son of men?

Why do flowers close their eyes,
When the star-birds flit the skies?
Love they not the beauties fair
Of the wondrous, moonlit air?

Or close they eyes to rest their stems,
While their souls seek brighter gems,
Roaming o'er the fields of night,
Till the Sun-God comes in sight.

In the morn, when bursting rose
On the brow of heaven grows,
Open wide are flower's eyes,
Laughing back to smiling skies.

Can it be, then, that the flower
Lives lives suited to the hour?
Seeks out Heaven's fields at night,
Comes to earth to live in light?

Would that I, sweet flower, could know
The fair wisdom thou dost show;
Spending night in starry heaven,
Seeking earth, when day is given.

Little flower, sweet and wise,
Tell us whence thy star thoughts rise?
How, from sojourn 'neath the ground,
Thou hast shaped thy life profound?

Why do flowers nod their heads,
When I walk among their beds?
Are they speaking wisdom then
To a clay-bound son of men?

The Feather

I FOUND a feather on the ground,
Some bird had dropped in flying past.
You say, "This bears no thought profound;
'Twas not the first, nor yet the last."
I say this feather brought to me
A message from eternity.

For I was sick and sad at heart,
My thoughts were fastened to a clod;
But sight of feather thrilled my soul;
I walked as by the hand of God.
It was to me the mystic sign
That Heaven has no border line.

For, as I at the feather gazed,
I saw blue skies and heard the song
Of hosts of brightly glinting forms,
That to the courts of God belong.
I knew with melody divine
How earth and heaven intertwine.

A careless feather fluttered down
From breast of careless flying bird,
Yet I beheld a wondrous sight,
And sweet aerial music heard.
I say this feather brought to me
A message from eternity.

The Happy Man

HE was the happiest little man
That ever you did see;
His face was sunny as a flower's,
And he stood just five feet three.

Said I to him, "You're happy man!
As happy as can be!
Now tell me what the secret is;
You're secret tell to me."

He said, "I always send good thoughts,
Good thoughts return to me;
I bless all people all the time,
I bless them all," said he.

"God bless you, ma'm! God bless you, sir!
God bless you, babe!' say I
To all God's children, great and small,
I meet in passing by.

"I say it not so they can hear,
But to myself speak I;
And still I breathe my blessing
On the lowly and the high.

And so I am a happy man,
  A blessed man am I,
For blessings spent so lavishly
  Upon each passerby."

I went away a wiser man,
  A gladder man went I;
For, talking to the happy man,
  I knew his reason why;

And silently to east and west
  I sent the happy cry,
"God bless you, ma'm! God bless you, sir!
  God bless you, low and high!"

The Convent of My Heart

I'VE a convent in my heart,
Which I enter every day.
There at dawn and set of sun
To my God I kneel and pray.
Strangely sweet the matin bells
Ring their music in my ear,
Granting mystic grace divine,
Driving from my soul all fear.

At the golden close of day,
Kneeling at my altar there,
I can hear the vesper bells
Gently ringing on the air.
From the crowded world without,
Morn and evening I depart,
To the altar of my soul,
In the convent of my heart.

A Portrait

"YOU paint my portrait fair, sir!
Do you see
Such beauty in these features?
Frank and free."

"I paint the face which yours
Begets in me.
It's either you, or what you
Ought to be."

The Unpainted Picture

I AM a picture Raphael never painted;
He called me forth, conceived me in his mind.
I wander through the galleries of nations
To see if I my counterpart can find.

I sometimes meet a glowing, heaven-lit artist,
Nursing in eagerness a budding dream,
And pause a moment, glancing o'er his shoulder,
That he may catch the lustre of my gleam.

My master, Raphael, lured my germ from hiding,
And blew on me his genius-breath divine.
I cannot die. I wait to charm earth's children
Through painter, whose skill's beauty matches mine.

Man-Soul and Clay

HERE, Agnes, is my clay, and here are you,
A model fairer than poor clay might prize.
You marvel that I make a choice of this
Dull stuff of earth to work my soul-pulse through.
Well, here's your means—your canvas, unrelenting as a wall.
Your pigments, mixed with art-craft, body forth
A sunny April day, near forest-field.
There is the road, which skirts the wooded ridge,
And here the brown fields, greened with grassy spots.
What form and color lend, in stirring man
To build within his soul fair beauty's dreams,
Your picture gives. 'Tis wondrous strange;
And lovely as 'tis strange, my Agnes dear.
'Tis quite as if our God, when walking through the field,

Had smiled a golden smile upon the scene,
Which you with joyful view had caught in mind,
And reproduced as nature, soul-illumed.

But why do I love clay? See through this arch
Our children, playing near the garden's edge.
See, Edward with his one hand full of mud
Is patting briskly with the other free,
And Agnes, little Agnes, does the same.
They're making mud-pies—working out
Of clay their own mind's image into clay again.
Last winter near this spot there stood a man,
A snow-piled double of their father's self.
Three days their souls drew draughts of fragrant joy
In gazing on their art's expressive form,
And then the Sun, too warm in his embrace,
Mixed with the oozing earth their man again.

What haunting melodies this clay has
brought
Unto the portals of these spell-taught
ears!
I hear the ocean waves roll o'er my
head,
As it once listened, fathom-deep above,
The awful beating of the storm-moved
wastes.
This clay, perchance, has hatched the
giant eggs
Of monsters, that huge-cleave the seas
no more.
Its brother once was brick, sun-bakéd
brick,
Which Pharaoh's children caused the
Israels make;
And once upon it dropped a scalding
tear,
As Moses wept for his poor country's
sake.
Who knows but that it holds the mixéd
dust
Of buried Babylon and of sea-washed
Tyre,
And grain by grain, had it a voice to
speak,
It might relate the story of our planet's
long-heaved life.

I hold within my hands our world epitomized.
See how I round it at the poles and belt!
Look! Now I make a bed for water's slumber vast,
And pile high mountains o'er great continents.
Now grasp the skirts of yon far-skimming clouds,
And wring me rain drops in this figured cup.
These drops make oceans for my little world,
And so it is complete. Not so.
No flowering plants, nor towering, sky-kissed trees;
No mighty temples, pointing spires to God;
Nor does the race of men move o'er its mass,
Decking its dornless plains with time-wrought arts.
No, love! I cannot make the world complete;
I have no breath divine to blow on it.
Howe'er I strain to reproduce the thing,

I cannot bring the mystery of life.
I am not God. This clay remains but clay.

And so, my dear, these hands will mix with clay,
And strive to build a head fit for your soul;
A temple fair for you to dwell within;
A dream-gift of that temple fair, your own.
The Agnes, who looks out from those dark eyes
Is stuff of soul, which only God can build.
I love to lure my singing mind to dream
That I am building Agnes o'er again;
I love her so, her clay-house and her soul,
For all is sacred, which her being touched.
I work in clay, a clay-created man,
To image forth a goddess, clay-immured.
And thus I reproduce the drama o'er,
Of God and clay and man-soul for all time.

Castles in the Air

I AM calling, son! I'm calling!"
Said my mother to her boy;
"Come, my child! your luncheon's ready;
Leave the plaything and the toy!"
I was sitting at the window,
Gazing forth with raptured stare
At a sight of unknown beauty—
My first castle in the air.

Though I left the enchanting vision
At my darling mother's call,
I was owner of a palace,
Master of a knightly hall.
Soon I'd other beauteous structures,
Twined with lakes and walks most fair,
For I'd learned a magic secret,
Could build castles in the air.

Passed have years since first I saw it,
Looming grandly to my sight,
With its battlements and towers
Gleaming forth in golden light;
Yet today, though Time has brought me

Many, many gifts most rare,
There are none, which I would measure
With my castles in the air.

And humanity is rearing,
Through the dust of sweaty days,
A fair temple, where in freedom
She may sing her hymn of praise;
For amid this sordid earth-life,
We have each a vision fair,
And the race is slowly climbing
To its castle in the air.

To A Girl, Who Loves Fairies

LITTLE girl, and when you dream,
Will you dream a dream for me?

Many glorious sights I've seen,
For I, too, in dreams indulge;
Fairies whisper in my ear
Secrets I must not divulge;
Little girls are wondrous things,
And their dreams must wondrous be;
So, my dearies, when you dream,
Will you dream a dream for me?

In the world where dreams are true
I have many mansions fair;
Mortal man has never seen
What my dreaming eyes declare;
But the ocean of your dreams
Washes such a lovely lee,
I must ask you when you dream,
Just to dream a dream for me.

To be real, little girl,
Dreams must live where dreams are grown;
On dull earth you must not hope
Fairy children e'er to own.
So 'mid love and pain and joy
You shall dream on fervently;
And, my dearie, when you dream,
Dream a little dream for me.

The Joy of Life

THE joy of life is found within the soul,
Not in the outward form of men or things;
'Tis he alone can live complete and whole,
Whose heart with music sweet within him sings.

Man gets from all he seeks but what he gives;
The opaque earth can nothing render him
But opaque gain. He only truly lives,
Whose life is throbbing out to his soul's rim.

Sensation ceases in the soul's pure love,
And silence is the soul's most moving sound,
The sloping spheres in heav'nly blue above,
With silent stir make music most profound.

The soul of things is shown to him
who sees,
But not too far within doth shoot
his gaze;
Who feels the unseen form of things,
that please
The Timeless Master of Unnumbered
Days.

Then sing the joy of him with Heav'n
within,
With music's color in his own true
self,
Whose regal nature spurns the daz-
zling sin,
Nor deigns to stoop to gain of worth-
less pelf.

For joy of life is found within the
soul,
Not in the outward form of men or
things;
'Tis he alone can live complete and
whole,
Whose heart with music sweet with-
in him sings.

Creation

THE stuff of seeming lies about
The open gateway of our soul;
We mix it with our joy and pain,
And stamp it with eternity.

God's Centre

THE prince of thinker's thoughts can never rise
To God's far centre, golden-hung in skies;
But e'en the humblest child has swung ajar
The gates of heaven, by song, heart-flung afar.

I Know These Faces

WHAT mean these faces that to me are dear?
I know them at a glance and they know me;
I search my heart to speak the truth to theirs;
I gaze within their smiling souls to see.

I speak as telling of a truth half-guessed,
As half-afraid my inmost thoughts to voice;
And lo! with eager eyes they answer me,
As if at words self-spoken they rejoice.

How live we lives divinely set in tune,
Nor guess each that the other lives at all;
We meet one day; God whispers in our ear,
And forth a thousand recollections fall.

I know these faces and their message
sweet;
I know them at a glance and they
know me;
I search my heart to speak the truth
to theirs;
I gaze within their smiling souls to
see.

The Deathless Dream

I OPEN wide the windows of my soul,
And let the freshening breeze of love blow through;
And, one by one, each window gains a face
To greet my searching glance with joyous view.

But in my heart of heart's there is a room,
Whose single window opens to the skies;
'Neath which I watch each moment of the day
To match a face, that from my soul doth rise.

And, when in golden frame I see that face,
And thrill in gazing on its wondrous gleam,
That day, its morrow, and all days beyond
Will pass in splendor of a deathless dream.

Love's Lamp

A PAINFUL, quiet sadness fills my soul;
The throbbing ecstacy of life is done;
You came to me and lit the lamp of love;
Its flaming light became my inner sun.

You left me mid the love-lamp's ruddy gleams,
And strayed to lands beyond our happy days;
You came not back to feed my lamp again,
When time had dulled the brightness of its rays.

And so a quiet sadness fills my soul;
The throbbing ecstacy of life is o'er;
I live within the ebbing love-lamp's glow,
And wait the blissful opening of a door.

Sing Me Thy Sweetest Song

SING me thy sweetest song, dear heart, to-night!
No martial strain can sate my thirsting ears!
Forth to the battle will my spirit start,
When morning calls me from thy love-shed tears.
'Tis then thy love means courage in the fight;
But sing thy sweetest song, dear heart, to-night!

Sing me of roses 'neath a garden wall,
Of wondrous beauty and of richest hue;
And thou, a flower sweeter than them all,
Breathing their perfume, sprinkled on the dew.
Burst forth in song to match this loveliest sight!
Oh! sing thy sweetest song, my love, to-night!

Why doth the moon, arrayed in lovely light,
Hide now her glory 'neath a modest cloud?
Oh! 'tis because thy beauty is too bright!
To shine as lesser orb she is too proud;
She waits until thy presence fades from sight.
Oh! sing thy sweetest song, dear heart, to-night!

Oh! wondrous rapture of this hour divine!
Oh! blessed mortal, steeped in heaven's bliss!
Long may I drink of love's most precious wine!
Can silver-throated seraph equal this?
To-morrow I must test the saber's might;
Sing on! Sing on! Thy sweetest song to-night!

Shakespeare's Return

I MUSED on Shakespeare as I sat apart,
The midnight stillness singing in my heart;
A volume of his sonnets in my hand,
A marble bust of him upon the stand,
His pictured likeness hanging on the wall,
And his great thoughts around suffusing all.
At length I dimmed the lamp, the curtains spread,
And gazed forth at the night above my head;
And as I gazed, among the stars so bright,
I saw one twinkle with a pinkish light,
When lo! it moved, and through the heavens sped,
And drew toward earth in my direction led.
" 'Tis strange," quoth I, "Can this, my sight, be true?
A pink and moving star I never knew.

With mannered haste it surges through
the sky,
Gaining in grandeur as it draws more
nigh."
It came to me. Said I, "What can it
be?"
It stopped. The bard of Avon looked
at me.
Looked from two eyes that glowed in
heavenly blue
From forth a face glistening with heav-
en's dew.
His hair, dark brown; his forehead,
white as snow;
A golden chain 'neath purple cape did
show.
He spoke in voice as mellow as high
June
To me, who stood as in a waking swoon.

"My son, your searching thoughts have
reached the place,
Where Shakespeare doth abide in
Heaven's face,
Who, high ensphered 'twixt Mercury
and Mars,
Hears moving planets sing their
music'd bars.
To blaze his history's your loyal intent,

And tell how William's royal life was spent.
My son, forbear! Myself am Shakespeare's shade,
From mortal bard to immortal spirit made.
Three hundred years of wisdom's growth decree
The story of my life should silent be.
The volumned poems both best and most revealed;
Bid all the private chat remain unsealed.

"To tell thee sadly, son, when Bess was queen,
The greatest of all acting there was seen.
Each actor then could issue forth his line
With nice distinction and in voice divine.
The art was then to hear much more than see,
And music wedded thought to harmony.
Now, when I visit in your tragic hall,
My ears are stopped; my eyes must serve me all.
Imagination labors all for naught,
Where pictured fancy by the foot is bought.

"In dear old London, where I gained
my fame,
People knew when to praise, and when
to blame.
They liked to hear the lines well
rounded out,
And gazed in rapture at each smile and
pout.
My plays I penned to entertain the
stage;
I did not plan to fashion every age.
I loved my plays. I love them still, I
vow.
They ranked supreme. They rank su-
preme e'en now.
Great Julius' tragic death 'neath Pom-
pey's bust;
King Lear, the victim of misplacéd
trust;
Lady Macbeth, ambition's heartless
tool;
The dreamer, Hamlet, slain in life's
stern school;
Great Katherine, in sorrow still a
queen;
Hermione, whose double ne'er was
seen.
I loved the Shylock play, wise Portia's
part;
Fair Rosalind, and Silvia's artless art;

Nor in three hundred years could I forget
The deathless beauty of sweet Juliet;
For buskin'd Greece with Sophoc' on the stage
Has been replaced by dark Othello's rage.

"What say my critics? 'Did Shakespeare mean to say—'
'Should this be emphasized, or should we lay the stress on that?'
'Let's study on his words. His chesse of thought is best shown by his curds.'
When in dispute with the vast-heaving Ben—
Ben Johnson mean I—it was always then
That I concluded learning from dull books
Was like sly maiden paint on comely looks.
He'd spent his time in seasoning his mind,
And every fact he searched for he could find,
But all the springs of vital nature's thought

Escaped this buyer, who too dearly bought.
For, mark it well, 'tis royal nature's boast
That there she gives the least, where least is most;
And scholars rhymes of delving grubber's art
Can never reach the secrets of the heart.

If what I wrote—and Homer tells me so—
Fills out the measure of earth's joy and woe,
'Tis not, because I studied to be vast,
But that from heart afire I drew my cast.
And may I say, and say in saddest shrift,
Cold reason's strength can ne'er light spirit lift,
His bulky, awkward force must toil in vain
To conjure fancy's beauty forth his brain;
But airy nothing sees and hears and starts
To those, who speak and listen with their hearts.

"I was a lover, when I trod the earth,
A lover died, who loved love from his birth.
The flowers I loved, which 'round sweet Avon grew;
The sun I loved, whence flowers sustenance drew;
The sky I loved, whence dropped the flowers down;
The breeze I loved, which smiled on lover's frown.
I loved the forest and the silent glade;
I loved the stream, that wandered in the shade;
I loved the stars, that peeped to me each night;
I loved the moon, that brightens human sight.
But most I loved mankind, the young, the old;
The tender maid; the sturdy youth and bold;
The gownéd friar, and the lacéd dame;
The obscure cobbler, and the knight of fame;
I loved all life, whose warp of sordid woe
With woof of joy wove beauty for a show.

My heart beat fast. My fancy knew no rest.
Celestial impulse surged within my breast.
I felt the touch of spirit all around,
And from the pebble drew a thought profound.
The ocean's awful might no more revealed
Than tiny birdlet's dainty bulk concealed.
Write me no scholar, scientist nor sage,
Write me the lover of my day and age;
A lover both of nature and of man,
And of great God, in whom all life began."

So saying, with a gentle glance serene, vanished
The vision from the visioned scene.
And yet the air was shining with the light
By which his presence made my study bright.

Woman's Answer

SO you would ask of me, Man,
What is the meaning of Woman?
What is my place in the swirl
Of endless vibration, allcosmic?
Am I plasmatic remain
Of cellular form, undeveloped,
Steeped through with error's false maze
Of purposeless, uncentered longings?

List to me, Man, while I tell
Of the function and sphere of your Woman,
Show you the path you must take
To reach the true goal of creation.
For in the Woman there lies
The key to the timeless life-riddle,
Which, still unsolved, laughs to scorn
The Man-mind's proud power of perception.

I am the soul of love's force.
Mine are the treasures of spirit.
I represent the God-heart,
Which throbs through the aeon of ages.
Back to first history's dawn,
And forward forever, I'm Woman.
I am the creative aim
Of ultimate impulse, conserving.

Mine is the sight of the veiled.
Mine is sweet faith, taught of wisdom.
Mine, without crucible's fume,
Is what double-eyed scholar yet toils for.
Virtue and goodness are mine.
Truth, warmed and colored by beauty,
Linking the Is to the Was,
And calling them both to the Will Be.

You are the lordling of thought;
Yours is the kingdom of knowledge;
Yours is the power to pierce
Through the shapes of dull matter to Reason.
Yours is the conqueror's might
To chain in submission gross nature.
Yours to explore the dark realms
Of law-submerged types of the seeming.

What means the heat to the light,
What means the good to the truthful,
What means the spirit to form,
What means the impulse to action,
What means emotion to thought,
What means the south, to the north pole,
All that mean I to you, Man,
We are of primeval oneness.

Cleave to me, Man, we are twain,
Soul-compassed halves of one circle.
Let not brute instinct prevail
To stir up the hell-strife between us.
On up the mountains sublime
Let climb through Today's dusky twi-
light,
Fronting the sun hand in hand,
Let us welcome the birth of Tomor-
row.

The Three Angels

"YOU seem to be quite restless, dear, tonight.
Are you not well, my darling? Are you ill?"
"No, no, my dear. I'm thinking, that is all;
Press your sweet face on pillow and be still."
And, as she breathes kind draughts of soothing sleep,
I turn my heart to Heaven and softly pray,
"God keep, God keep my child-like, faithful wife,
And make me worthy of her love this day."

And, in my prayer, my gentle mother comes,
From pleading at the Throne for her dear boy,
And strokes me with her tender, loving hands,
And transmutes care to sweet celestial joy.
And then, in holy rapture at her touch,
I kiss with reverent lips her forehead white,
And ask my God that He may bless the soul

Of her, whose presence blesses me
tonight.

And then there comes a dreamland
sigh from her,
Whose cherub face brings heaven to
my eyes,
Whose girlish prattle loosens cords of
love,
Whose faith in "daddy" makes his dul-
ness wise,
And, as she nestles in her little bed,
I breathe a fond petition for my
child:
"Forever guard thy precious gift, O
God;
Lead her by gentle paths to pastures
mild."

And now the dawn creeps softly up the
sky.
I lie and muse upon the joy in me,
And wonder at the disbelief of men
In angels, since my life is blessed by
three.
And soon sweet Sleep comes with her
fond embrace;
I turn to her in ecstacy of bliss.
What glories must the gates of heaven
enclose,
When earth can yield such happiness
as this!

To a Flower Blooming on the Battlefield of France

BLOOM forth, sweet flower, thou must never fear
The roar of belching steel, which fills the air.
God bids thee speak, in language wise and clear,
The tender message of His loving care.

By nature's paths thou camest from on high
To greet war's chaos with thy beauty's grace,
And bring to earth-lost man's awakening eye
A gleam of light from the dear Father's face.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 394 573 7